Fragments of Memories by bookworm9879

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Summary: In which Mike remembers memories he had of Eleven.

1. Chapter 1

Fragments of Memories

Mike never knew how much he needed her until she was gone. He never knew how complete she made him feel until the day she fled. From him. *Who was the monster now?*

The boy awoke with a mind numbing pain coursing throughout his body. He slowly sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes and moving his dark locks away from his face. *Why am I hurting?* He thought. Oh that's right. The alcohol comes with its side effects. Mike glanced around his room, noting the growing number of empty vodka bottles that piled up every night.

"Drink to forget," he muttered, as he slowly ambled into the bathroom. He stared at the reflection in the mirror; he was hardly recognizable.

The overgrown oily black mess that curtained his pale face had replaced his neatly groomed hair. His eyes were empty and bloodshot, and he could see his deteriorating physique under his baggy clothes.

The lurching feeling in his gut made Mike rush over to the toilet and empty the contents into the bowl. He clutched the cold porcelain rim with his clammy hands and exhaled loudly, trying to ignore his pounding headache.

Outside, he could hear the carefree birds chirping their song and feel the warm rays of sunlight beaming down at him through the open window. Mike sighed. Oh how he desperately wished to be innocent again. How he wished that everything would be carefree and happy again. How he wished to forget everything he had done to her...to Eleven.

No, no, no, his subconsciousness whispered furiously in his head. *Don't remember. Drink to forget. Drink to forget. DRINK TO FORGET*. The voice boomed loudly in his head and Mike fell to the floor, clutching his head in agony. He struggled to remember what had

occurred that night. What had he done that scared his precious El away from him? *Have another bottle,* his mind suggested. *Drink away the pain. No one wants to remember.*

"No," he said aloud, fighting the raging storm of conflict inside of him. He had to remember. Mike's heart, his soul was screaming in agony. It could suffer no longer. He needed his missing piece; his other half. Eleven.

Mike reluctantly let go of all control and let the fragments of memories invade his mind.

2. Chapter 2

He remembered their first kiss. It was four years ago, when they were both twelve. They were sitting in the Hawkins Middle School cafeteria at midnight, anxiously waiting for the others to return. Dustin and Lucas were in another room, so it was just the two of them.

"Well I-I was thinking…. Maybe we could go to the Snowball together," he had said, trying to contain the blush on his cheeks.

"Snow ball?" El had questioned.

"Yeah. It's this cheesy school dance…" Mike went on explaining the annual dance his school hosted. "You go to school dances with someone that you...like," he concluded.

"A friend?" She asked.

"Not a friend. Uh...someone like a…."

Mustering up his courage, he leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers. In that moment, everything seemed perfect. It was the two of them in their bubble of happiness, floating higher and higher among the clouds of bliss. He pulled away and they both flushed darkly, and Mike couldn't help but notice how beautiful she looked. Under the moonlit cafeteria, her smooth skin was glowing, her cheeks stained red, and her brown eyes filled with love.

3. Chapter 3

The first time they had sex was shortly after. El went to school with the boys, and lived with Joyce, Will, and Jonathan, who welcomed her as a part of their family. Life was as closest to normal as it could be.

Until this point, Mike and El's relationship had progressed to secret kisses, warm cuddles and pillow fights. Unknowingly to them, Will, Lucas, and Dustin all knew about it and silently encouraged them on.

"Wanna come over and study?" Mike asked El as they were walking home from school. "My parents won't be home tonight," he added.

Eleven nodded eagerly. She wanted to spend as much time with Mike as possible. They pushed their bikes up the paved driveway and walked to the front door.

"x is 729 because you need to do the exponent, which is nine to the third power. Get it?" Mike asked, exhaling loudly through his nose. El quietly shook her head no,

An hour had passed since the two went to Mike's house, and he had been desperately trying to help El study for their math test next week. Unfortunately for him, El seemed to be distracted every two seconds, brushing his dark locks out of his face (which didn't help his racing heart), fiddling with the hem of her shorts, or absentmindedly staring out the window. Nothing Mike taught her seemed to stick in her brain.

Letting out a sigh of exasperation, Mike flopped onto his back, letting his body hit the soft mattress beneath him.

"Mike?" El's face hovered above his, her chestnut brown eyes peering into his. He immediately jumped up, startled. In the process, his head banged against hers and the force sent him tumbling on top of her.

His arms were caging her head, his body pinned beneath hers. Mike was suddenly aware of her soft hips pressing against his and the sharp intake of her breath at the proximity.

Then it clicked in his head. He was lying on top of a beautiful girl. And she didn't seem to mind it one bit.

Small hands circling around his neck brought him back from his thoughts. Before he could react, El yanked his neck down towards her mouth.

Her lips were soft and tasted like Eggos and sweet syrup. They clashed with his and their tongues danced ferociously. Instantly, Mike's body was a boiling pit of hot desire, lava coursing through his veins and making him feel alive. Feeling the need for dominance, he rubbed the soft mounds of her breasts through the fabric of her shirt, making El arch her back in pleasure. She moaned, so shamelessly, so loudly that Mike's erection got even harder, pressing into her clothed entrance.

"P-Please…" she murmured as he sucked on the juncture of her neck.

"Please what?" He smirked, looking up at her through hooded eyes.

El whined in frustration and ground her hips against his erect member. Mike hissed in pleasure and threw her shirt off her body. He kissed his way down her chest, past her flat stomach and to the waistband of her shorts. Slowly he peeled them off her body and El gasped when the cool air hit her heated core.

Mike kissed her soft thighs, teasing her as she desperately tried to shift herself into his mouth. He pinned her squirming hips with one hand and in the other gently pried open her lips and slowly inserted a finger inside of her. Instantly El cried as her muscles clenched around his long digit, this new feeling so foreign to her.

"Shh, it's okay," Mike coaxed, kissing her flushed lips softly. He rubbed her clit and her whimpers steadily turned to soft moans. Soon he added another finger, increasing his pace as she bucked into his hand, her wet entrance coating his fingers in her sweet fluids.

As he thrusted a third finger into her, Mike felt El tighten around him. Looking up, he saw her panting hard, her eyes shut tightly and her mouth open. Using his other hand, Mike reached up and pinched one of her perky nipples. The hot coil inside El snapped. She became

undone in his hand, her back arched and her voice screamed his name.

Unable to contain himself any longer, Mike quickly got rid of his clothes, leaving El gawking at his erect member. She hesitantly crawled forward on her knees, until her nose brushed the tip of his penis. Taking him in her hands, she shyly kissed the head of his shaft, making him groan.

"Mmm...keep going El," Mike manage to choke out. Feeling brave, she suddenly took him in her mouth, sucking as much of him as she could. Using her nimble hands, she pumped his remaining length and massaged his balls. Mike could hardly contain himself as he looked down and saw her brown eyes glazed with lust and her small mouth around his cock.

"F-F-Fuck!" He cried out suddenly as El picked up the pace. She bobbed her head up and down, the wetness of her mouth and the breathtaking pace was almost enough to make him cum. Suddenly El hummed, making her entire mouth vibrate. That was all it took for him to snap. He began slamming himself into her; faster, deeper harder, until he hit his high. A wave of pleasure washed over him and he released himself inside of her mouth.

Both were breathing hard. Lust was prominent in the air and their desire for each other was so strong, El could feel an ache in her core just from the way Mike gazed at her.

"Fuck me." She said seductively, and Mike lunged at her.

4. Chapter 4

"Hey El, wanna go down to the pier with me?" Mike asked one summer evening. El's eyes lit up and she nodded eagerly. They walked hand in hand to the docks, where a cool breeze passed through the reeds and the peaceful song of the crickets filled the air.

"Mike?" El asked breaking the peaceful silence between them.

"Hm?" Mike turned to look at her. They were sitting on the wooden benches near the water, watching the fireflies glow in the dark.

"Do you love me?" She whispered, her hazel eyes staring into his dark brown ones. The bluntness of her question caught him off guard.

"Of course I do," he replied smiling. His grin dropped when he saw that her gaze was averted, and a small frown creased her face. "What's wrong?" He asked when she didn't reply.

"I-I-I don't know how you could ever love someone like me. After all, who could love a monster?" She looked back up at him with tear stained cheeks and Mike's heart immediately shattered. Scooting closer, he wrapped his arms around her and held her close to his chest.

"Do you hear that El? That's my heartbeat. If you hadn't defeated that Demogorgon four years ago, I wouldn't have been alive today. You saved me. You saved all of us.. Listen to me. I love the way your eyes sparkle when you see me. I love your silly jokes, contagious laugh, and kind heart. I love you, Eleven,"

Upon hearing that, El's breath caught in her throat. Peeking up at him, she saw that what he meant was true.

"Promise?" She asked, feeling a faint blush spread on her cheeks.

"Promise." He responded, and leaned down to give her a peck on the forehead. El smiled and snuggled up close to his chest. She listened to his heart, the rhythmic beating lulling her to a peaceful slumber. Under the soft glow of the fireflies, the two were quietly enjoying

each other's company, happily in love. Before El drifted off to sleep, she murmured a phrase under her breath.

"I love you, Mike."

5. Chapter 5

Life was perfect. Mike had El, and El had Mike. They were inseparable, unbreakable, everlasting. What went wrong?

It happened on a Saturday evening when Steve knocked on the door to Mike's house.

"Nancy here?" He asked, running his fingers through his dark brown hair when Mike opened the door. Mike shook his head.

"No, she went out with her friends. Should be coming back tomorrow though." Steve groaned.

"Alrighty, thanks Mike." He turned to leave but a thought occurred to him.

"Hey, I'm having a party at my house. Parents aren't home. Wanna come? Bring El if you want."

Mike was hesitant, he wasn't used to going to parties. But he knew El to have a normal life, and wanted her to experience what it was like.

"Okay," he said, exhaling loudly. "I'll go get her. Meet you at your house in 5."

Steve grinned. "Great! See ya." He turned and jogged down the hill.

"El!" Mike called towards the staircase.. "Wanna go to a party at Steve's?"

"A what?" El asked from upstairs.

"A party. You know, a place where people hang out and drink and dance and stuff," Mike replied.

El brightened. "Like the Snowball?" She questioned. Mike laughed.

"I guess, but involves more you know, adult stuff. Just get dressed and come down."

"'Kay!"

Moments later, El flew downstairs, almost toppling into Mike.

"Woah there," he laughed, grabbing her waist to steady her. She looked breathtaking in her sea green minidress, which showed off her slender waist and curves.

"You look nice," he murmured, kissing her cheek lightly. El flushed a bright red and tucked a lock of his hair behind his ear.

"Let's go!" She said, pulling his arm out the door. The two walked hand in hand to Steve's house.

Turns out that Mike's perception of a 'party' was totally different than what Steve had in mind. They could hear the pounding music a block away from his house. As they got nearer, it was more evident that it was a lot less calm than Mike thought. *A lot less*. Half of the guys there were shirtless, and the girls were stumbling around drunkenly, laughing hysterically and dancing in crop tops. Red Solo cups and broken shards of glass were littered in the yard, and the loud beat of the music thundered throughout the neighborhood.

"Well, this is it. Let's be crazy teenagers for tonight," Mike said excitedly. El nodded, smiling as she was pulled into the crowded house. Through the mass of sweaty people and grinding bodies, they managed to find Steve, who was off to the side refilling drinks.

"Hey! Glad you could make it!" Steve yelled into Mike's ear, pushing two cups into their hands.

"What is this?" El questioned, staring at the swirling liquid in the plastic cup. Sniffing it, she recoiled as the strong smell hit her nostrils.

"Try it. I think it's vodka," Mike answered, tipping the cup and downing the contents in one gulp. Suddenly Mike felt awake and restless. He let out a loud whoop, bursting out laughing. El was looking at him with concern, this place was starting to get on her nerves. She wasn't a fan of this party. The music hurt her head, there were too many people, and Mike was acting funny.

El decided to try the mysterious concoction in her cup. She took a tentative sip but immediately cringed in disgust at the strong flavor. Mike noticing this, laughed as her cute nose scrunched up in a pout. Steve kept pushing cup after cup into his hand, and Mike didn't notice the sprinkle of white powder that fell from a tiny bottle labeled "GHB" that fell into his drink each time.

This didn't go unnoticed by El. Bile began rising at the back of her throat, and she forced it down. She knew about this drug, they used it on her in the Hawkins Laboratory. El was abused, beaten, and almost raped in that terrible prison-like place. Tears of panic began pooling in her eyes as she turned around to tell Mike. But he had disappeared.

"M-Mike?" She called, knowing it was useless above the music.

Suddenly a pair of hands gripped her waist roughly and she squirmed, looking up. Mike was pressed up against her, his hips grinding on hers. El gasped, surprised by the sudden contact. She could feel his hard on her butt and she couldn't deny that she felt her core heat up. But something felt wrong.

"Mike? Are you okay?" She asked, staring at him. His eyes were wide and frantic, his breathing labored, his body sweaty. Mike suddenly grabbed her wrist and dragged her down the hall, and pushed her into a bedroom. When he shoved her onto the bed, El squealed in pain, confused. Mike was never like this. He was never rough with her like that.

"Mmph!" El groaned as he clambered on top of her and began forcing his lips onto hers, prying her lips open and invading her mouth with his tongue.

"Shut up, Bitch," Mike growled as El tried to speak again. And then she knew. It was the drinks. They addled his brain and changed him. He was manipulated by the drugs and the Mike that El knew and loved was gone.

"Did you know?" She whispered as he began forcefully taking off her dress. "Did you know they were spiked?" He paused for a moment, trying to focus on what she was saying.

"Yeah, I did," he replied. El felt a cold feeling of betrayal run through her, tears threatening to fall from her hazel eyes. .

"Why didn't you stop? You *know* what happened to me at Hawkins Lab. You know that I want nothing to do with drugs anymore. And you promised that you wouldn't be involved either. *You promised.*"

Mike was dimly aware that El was saying something, but he couldn't think straight. He was intent on relieving the growing stiffness in his pants. He groped her harshly, squeezing her soft breasts and slapping her ass. As much as El tried to enjoy it, she couldn't. It felt too unnatural. Mike was only using her for his pleasure.

She struggled to fight back, but Mike was stronger. He pinned her body down with one arm, and forced a finger inside her with his other hand. El, unprepared for the sudden feeling, screamed out in pain.

"Mike...stop...it hurts," she whined, tears sliding down her face. The sense of panic was churning inside her like choppy currents, wave after wave of anxiety crashing inside of her. But Mike paid no attention, continuing his assult on her body.

El couldn't take it anymore. She wanted Mike Wheeler back, not this demented, drug addled Mike. Her body ached from the pain, and her face was tear stained with pain.

With her last ounce of strength, she tapped into the part of her mind she never uesd after the defeat of the demorgon; her telekinesis. It hurt her to do this to Mike, but she was hurt, mentally and physically.

Focus, she thought to herself, concentrating intently. El could feel blood running down her nose and the wam substance tickle the back of her ear, but she ignored it. Suddenly she screamed, and Mike flew off of her and landed on the floor.

Breathing hard, El slowly clambered off of the bed, slipping on her dress. She felt empty and used; a hollow carcass. Mike was still collapsed on the floor, breathing hard. When he glared at her, she flinched. His gaze hardended with anger.

"YOU FUCKING MONSTER!" He roared at her.

El could feel her heart shattering. *It's just the drinks,* she convinced herself furiously, swallowing her pain which ballooned up in her chest.

"Mike you promised me. Friends don't break promises," El whispered. "Who's the monster now?" She shakily stood up and ran past Mike without waiting for his answer, leaving him alone in the dark. Eleven weaved her way past the overwhelming clump of people, down the front porch, and ran. Ran away from the music, the pain, the drinks, and from Mike.

6. Chapter 6

Day and night did these memories consume Mike. They haunted his past and called to him in his dreams. He could never escape this nightmare called reality, only to drown his misery in alcohol, to remind him of his broken promise. He would forever be tormented by the fragments of memories which corrupted his mind.

A/N: Hope you liked my first story :) I don't think I'm going to continue it, my intentions were to kind of end it like this. So yeah, thanks for reading 3